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Morning-Evening-Sunday.
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GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

The Paper That Does Things

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OCTOBER 25, 1916.

INVESTIGATED, ALL RIGHT.

"I stand squarely on the principle of investigation before legislation!" declares Mr. Hughes in his talks against the eight-hour measure.

Charlie, there ain't no such thing as legislation before investigation, and well you know it. We elect a congress for legislation purposes. Congress worries around and enacts some measures which it thinks we think we want. But those measures are not legislation until the U. S. supreme court investigates. The supreme court carefully investigates and, if there isn't any trust that'll be unreasonably hurt, those bills that the people want and congress tries to give them are made legislation by that court.

Of course, not all of congress' bills go to the court but those do that are important enough to pay those who want to beat us out of them for carrying them up there. Investigation? Shucks! Our courts have investigated the life out of enough proposed legislation to run another republic twice as big as ours.

The fellows who got up our form of government were so fearful that the people would do their own legislating that they built a supreme court and gave it a cinch on legislation, investigation and all the other attorns. Then, in order to rivet the cinch from both sides, they gave that court life-term and absolute irresponsibility.

The only investigation that finally counts, as Mr. Hughes ought to know, is U. S. supreme court investigation. If we're going to stand squarely and strictly on investigation before legislation, we ought to abolish congress early, thus reducing our expenses and our hypocrisy.

BEFORE AND BEHIND.

"The old guard placed Justice Hughes in front. God only knows what's behind."

That is the way the grand old party parade looks to John M. Parker, progressive candidate for vice president, the most resolute and uncompromising figure in he wrecked progressive party. Mr. Parker continues:

"The only chance the old guard had to get into power was to place in front of it a man whose character and reputation were absolutely immaculate from long years of seclusion. The choosing of Justice Hughes by this most dangerous element in American politics is a tribute to the man itself. I had the highest respect myself for Mr. Hughes—as a judge.

"But I still believe in the progressive party, and we progressives don't care where progress comes from if it only comes. It has come this time from the Wilson administration, and that's why now I am working for Pres't Wilson.

"I fought Mr. Wilson in 1912 for all that I was worth. But he has been unmistakably progressive. He has stood solidly for rural credits, workmen's compensation and the abolition of child labor—all fundamental provisions in our contract with the people.

"The president has been confronted with the gravest problems that ever faced a president. He has worked as few of them have ever been required to work, and he has done well. Honest opposition is admissible, but the attempt to embarrass him by constant attack upon everything he does is not my idea of Americanism. I fought him hard, but I have never forgotten that I am an American and that he is my president.

"The padded committee of the progressives voted to ignore the instructions of the Chicago convention and endorse the republican party. I do not recognize this action as the action of the progressive party, but I do recognize the actions of Pres't Wilson as progressive achievements."

It is the difference between the voice of an American patriot and the blat of a stray or stolen sheep—of the Roosevelt, Beveridge, Perkins, Gifford Pinchot, Robbins, etc., variety.

TWO TYPES OF EMPLOYERS OF LABOR.

As the campaign proceeds and labor is being urged, semi-threateningly to "Choose Hughes" or lose their jobs, workmen will do well to perform a little independent thinking. Two types of employers are taking an active part in this year's presidential campaign. One is well represented by Henry Ford of Detroit; the other by A. D. Julliard of New York.

Mr. Julliard was a member of the Union League club committee of one hundred that arranged the Taft-Hughes-Roosevelt dinner. He is a director in corporations having aggregate resources of nearly two billion dollars. He is active in a certain sort of philanthropy.

While Mr. Ford was reiterating his indorsement of the eight-hour day and working out a wage increase for employees who already are the highest paid in the world, agents of Mr. Julliard's New York Mills cor-

poration were ejecting men, women and children from the miserable homes occupied by them on company ground near Utica.

Twenty-seven hundred operatives in Mr. Julliard's textile mills went on strike recently for higher wages, according to a bulletin just issued by the committee on industrial relations through Dante Barton, its vice chairman. The men asserted that their total annual earnings averaged, for weavers, less than \$500 a year,—\$200 less than government experts say is absolutely essential to maintain a family in decency and comfort.

The Julliard corporation refused to negotiate with the strikers, proceeded to evict them and employed 100 armed guards to patrol its property.

It is for the benefit of corporations like Mr. Julliard's that the republicans propose to re-enact high tariffs, so that American markets may be again placed absolutely in their control and American families taxed to yield greater profits.

He represents the type of employer who is for Hughes the country over. Workmen of South Bend and Mishawaka might look around them and see who the men here who have a reputation as wage monarchs—as oppressors of labor,—are supporting. It is not Woodrow Wilson.

BUSINESS LITERATURE.

It is interesting to note from publishers' lists and library reports that there are a great many more books on vocational and business subjects now than ever before. There are books of commerce and business, teaching practical methods and efficiency. There are books on "Public Affairs," "Nature and Outdoor Life," "Agriculture and Farming," "Health and Hygiene," "Woman and the Home," "Sports and Amusements," "Business and Business Affairs."

The authors are business men, lawyers, teachers in college departments, experts in advertising—everybody who has a real idea making for efficiency and success writes it for others to read. Literary style is usually lacking. Content is more important than form.

The books are very specific in nature. There is "The Administration of Business Enterprises," "Business Law for Business Men," "Training for the Newspaper Trade," "The Private Secretary," "Business Competition and Law," and many others just as practical and close to the pulsing business life of the country.

There are an increasing number of vocational books aiming to direct American youth, young men and women to an independent economic career.

These books are not read for pleasure in leisure hours. They are simply tools for getting on in the world today. The lover of literature need not fear, however, that they are crowding out cultural ideals. The libraries and booksellers report that there are fewer but better books of real literary value. And there is an increasing reading public that wants these books of history, biography, travel, poetry, fiction and drama.

People are reading books good from a literary standpoint as well as the practical volumes on business. Perhaps in time the latter can be raised to the level of the former. That is, there may be a literature about business. In the biographies of such men as James J. Hill, in the stories of the great industries of the age, the reconstruction that is going on in society, are there not large fields as yet untouched by literary work, and yet really worthy of it?

MORE VILLA LEGENDS.

From El Paso, the border news factory through which so many marvellous narratives reach the American public, come new and fascinating details regarding the habits and pranks of Francisco Villa. One story in particular presents a picture of the bandit worthy of an immortal place in history.

"Villa drinks every morning, a refugee reports, two cups of blood hot from freshly slaughtered bulls, to give him the strength and ferocity of such animals."

There we have it, in all its simple beauty and force. It rounds out the Villa myth and raises Pancho to supreme heights of guerrilla grandeur. Robin Hood or Jesse James or even Captain Kidd never did anything like that. None of Homer's heroes drank anything stronger than red wine from unferocious grapes. One of the Borgias is said to have had a taste for blood, but he wasn't a real hero. It was merely a fad with him. None of the great conquerors, Alexander, Genghis Kahn, Attila, Caesar, Napoleon, ever made a practice of drinking hot bull's blood instead of his morning coffee. What additional worlds they might have won if they had!

Another pleasing little anecdote accompanies the bull-blood story, illustrating Villa's hatred of Gringos. Finding that some of his conscript soldiers wore American shoes, Villa told them with curses that they should be wearing the "simple, honest sandals of Mexicans," and thereupon "made them take off their shoes and eat the uppers."

What would life be without the El Paso correspondents?

GALLUP'S GAIN.

After seriously studying the thing for some days, we are led to suspect that the colonel sneaked, ducked, pussyfooted, vacillated, wobbled, crept up the back stairs with his gaiters in his hand, side-stepped, fiddled to a frazzle, loquethed, or something like that, in the matter of his threatened El Paso speech.

Advised to abuse the commander-in-chief of the U. S. army in the presence of much of said army, at El Paso, Col. Roosevelt, of San Juan's bloody memory, suddenly shifted his performance to Gallup, N. M., hundreds of miles from all points where the U. S. army is doing its duty under its commander.

We do not like to say that Col. Roosevelt retreated or surrendered. The colonel never retreats from or surrenders to anything save what he sees in a mirror. Hence, we fain must say that he voluntarily "falls back to a more strategic position." It's a popular European war term to express skeddadding with dignity or a whole hide, and we merely improve on the term by suggesting some such process as mentioned in our first paragraph.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

Federal bureau of labor statistics shows that of 210 brands of bread that retailed for 5 cents and weighed 15 ounces or more on May 15 only 14 remained at the same price and weight on Sept. 15. Since Sept. 15 there has been a still more alarming increase in bread prices. Still the bakers are not to blame, according to the bureau, for, while wheat has gone up 24 per cent, and flour 37 per cent., bread has only advanced in retail price, upon the average, 11 per cent. But the bureau of statistics having acquitted the bakers stops there and fails to tell us who is to blame.

Now it appears that Hughes hasn't voted since 1909. You now can see how he, Taft and Teddy can sit on the same platform without biting each other.

WHY I AM FOR WILSON

By Amos Pinchot
Former Progressive.

Men like Mr. Wilson on the one hand, and Hughes, McAdoo and Perkins on the other, embody in their attitude



toward society the larger conflict between democracy and absolutism that is going on in this country. The Republicans, as a whole, stand for the idea that the country should be governed by a small group of efficient, powerful personages who will tell the people what to think and what to do, and make them do it. Men like President Wilson seem to me to stand for the opposite idea—that democracy, after all, with its mistakes and inefficiency, is the wiser plan, because it allows people to think for themselves and teaches them to govern themselves by governing themselves.

Bryan Enthusiastic
Over Prospects of
Vote in the West

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—William Jennings Bryan, who joined Pres't Wilson in Pittsburgh on the pre-war back from his trip to Chicago, predicted an overwhelming democratic victory in November. Mr. Bryan was fresh from an extended speaking tour in behalf of Wilson and Marshall along the Pacific coast and through the mountain states and was brimful of enthusiasm. He said that from his observations throughout the west, he was confident that Pres't Wilson would receive enough electoral votes to assure victory without reference to the way New York went, and that he expected the democrats to gain four, possibly six, senators in the mountain states.

"Without exception, I found that the audiences I addressed strongly approved Pres't Wilson's Mexican policy," said Mr. Bryan. "The federal reserve act, is our most attractive achievement so far as the business men of the west are concerned. The farmers commend the president most heartily because of the rural credit act, while the laboring classes have been infected with Wilson enthusiasm because of his success in bringing about the adoption of the eight-hour day."

"All of these elements," continued Mr. Bryan, "unite in warm approval of the foreign policies of the administration, whereby peace has been preserved with our stricken neighbor Mexico, and America has been spared the horrors of participation in the European war. It is no idle thing to say that the west is literally aflame with sentiment for Wilson because of the successful and honorable manner in which he has preserved the peace. Nor is it idle to say that the west regards peace as the paramount issue of this campaign, and intends to vote accordingly."

Mr. Bryan said that he had indubitable evidence that the women of the west were even more fervid than the men in their approval of Mr. Wilson and that this knowledge was a factor in the confidence he felt concerning democratic success in November.

"Mr. Hughes may say that he is a man of peace," said Mr. Bryan, "but the warlike implications of his speeches and of the utterances of his chief supporters are so clear that any man can grasp them."

Mr. Bryan was asked if he thought Col. Roosevelt's speeches were "aiding the campaign."

"Yes, Col. Roosevelt is aiding the campaign," he replied. "He has been of great assistance in arousing public support of the president's foreign policy. He has made a deep impression upon Mr. Hughes, the hero of the blind 'loy.' The republicans have made all of the mistakes the democrats could have wished them to make."

OLDEST REGISTERED
VOTER IN ILLINOIS
AND WIFE FOR WILSON

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Arm in arm with his 75 year old wife, Jacob Harris, aged 102, of 814 South Laflin st., the oldest registered voter in Illinois and probably in the United States, will walk to the polls on Nov. 7 and both will cast their ballots for Woodrow Wilson.

The couple recently celebrated their golden anniversary and had about them 33 descendants, including great grandchildren.

Mr. Harris cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson and was a democrat until after the war, in which he fought on the side of the Union. He voted for Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, Fillmore and Buchanan. Conditions led him to change to the republican party and he voted for Lincoln and every other republican candidate until 1912.

He has now returned to his early love, the democratic party, induced to do so by the character and services of Pres't Wilson. As Mr. Harris expressed it to an interviewer, he cannot consistently remain with the republican party any longer.

Mrs. Harris declared that "Mr. Wilson is a just and noble man and every woman in Illinois should vote

THE MELTING POT

Conducted by Stuart H. Carroll

PRINT.

How facile is the art of print! How thought is multiplied! How thinkings from a single brain are scattered far and wide! When one prophetic, anxious mind has seen the new-made light, He hastens to diffuse himself in magic black and white, Which all the other citizens impetuously read, Absorbing his conclusions with avidity and speed.

But ere these new opinions we can peacefully digest, Some other guy unloads the thrilling burden of his chest. In very contradictory and scientific phrase He proves the former fellow wrong in ninety-seven ways; He shows us why the mess of thoughts with which our minds are filled Must be, for our eternal good, immediately spilled.

But notwithstanding all of this, hurrah for printer's ink! We get a lot of exercise endeavoring to think. Though all the heavy volumes on the disconcerting shelves May nullify each other and may contradict themselves, The grandest music made beneath the famous stars and stripes Is furnished by the clinking of the busy linotypes.

WHEN ROSE ARE APROPOS!

Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 23.

Sir: The Harvard girls, according to a recent news item, are wearing a crimson H on their hose. That's fine, but what of the young lady in this town who holds the heart strings of eight young men, each of whom is from a different college? When the fellow from Cambridge comes, I suppose this happens:

When Reggie calls on gay Marie, She welcomes him with joy, And dons her crimson hosiery, For he's a Harvard boy!

But, sir, my alma mater is Michigan. Therefore, if the young lady would be consistent and impartial,

When I call on the chic Marie, 'Twould cause me no amaze, If on her ankle I should see Ann Arbor's Blue and Maize.

Very good, Al, and far be it from us to make the joyous young lady invest in another pair, but,

Should I call on the blithe Marie, Our friendship to renew, I'd be quite mad were she not clad In silken Gold and Blue.

Health Hint from H. E. S.—Don't be pro-English at a German mass

meeting. In fact don't even be neutral.

K. B. rises to remark that the Greek situation remains Greek.

Famous Conductors.

Car—
Column—
Lightning—
Orchestra—
Band—
Elbel—
Non—
—J. U. E.

ONCE OVER.

He saw the woman on the street, Flirting, and oh, so fair; He looked again and saw her feet, Then gave up in despair.

Wall motto suggested by R. S.

WORK LIKE
HELEN
HAPPY

PANCY FRENCH.

I wished I were a crossing cop And that same wish I'd wish again. If all the streets were so de trop As that they've labelled Michigan.

BUTTONS IN DEMAND.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—For the first time in history, at least in this city, a political campaign button has become a marketable commodity. There aren't enough "Give me Wilson and the eight hour day" buttons to meet the demands of trainmen and other workers, and, as a consequence, the buttons are being sold by boys for from two to 10 cents each. A traveling salesman relates that, on a New York, New Haven & Hartford train, the conductor and brakeman virtually held him up and took from him a dozen of the buttons.

After Paul Huntly, inspector of the public service commission of New York, had visited the new subway tunnel under the East river where the air pressure is 34 pounds to the square inch, he left the subway too quickly and on his way home collapsed at One Hundred and Eighty-First st. Dr. Hoffberg, who was called, put the sufferer into an ambulance and drove him 10 miles back to the tunnel, where he was put back into the compartment in which the air pressure was the highest and then gradually brought out to the surface. After this Mr. Huntly went home completely cured of his attack of "the bends."

Westerly, R. I., asserts its school garden is the largest and best in New England. It is laid out so that the 126 children each have a plot of ground 2x16 feet.

Mrs. Mary A. Landon has been chosen president of the Woodstock-Sycamore street railway in Illinois.

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Remember—No Premiums—All Coffee

THE WOOLSON SPICE COMPANY Toledo Ohio

"WITH NEITHER CONSCIENCE
NOR CONVICTION"

By DR. W. HEINECKE.

Mr. Hughes has no reason to feel proud of the way in which he is getting the support of German propagandists. With them it is now a matter of choice between the devil and the deep sea. They dislike Wilson, and they don't like Hughes. That is the attitude Dr. C. J. Hexamer, the president of the German Alliance, is taking in a public statement. After reiterating at some length all the stale arguments of theirs, being mostly in the nature of personal abuse of Wilson, Dr. Hexamer goes on to assert that "no German-American with self respect can vote for Wilson."

"What are we going to do as American citizens?" Dr. Hexamer asks. "Some of our papers have advised us to refrain from voting altogether. Others have advocated to concentrate the strength of the German vote on a minority party that has no prospects of victory. That means throwing away our vote."

"After long and serious thought I have arrived at the decision to give my vote to Hughes and Fairbanks. The present question is not, what is good for the Central Empires, or for the Allies, but as good Americans we must solve the question what is good for our own dear country. What we need especially is a strong government, which holds on to a firm, and not to a vacillating pro-American policy."

This means in plain American language: "I hate like hades to vote for Hughes. I know we made a mistake in getting in too deep with his crowd, but I and my fellow-propagandists would stand committed of having trifled with national issues and acted the fool by admitting now that we made a mistake in opposing Wilson. Hughes and Roosevelt have told us Germans where to get off at, but we propagandists must save our face. That's why we've got to stick to Hughes, though a Hughes government means trouble ahead."

Now, this is not even half hearted support of Hughes—it is a frank confession that these men know Hughes to be anti-German, and that they ought to fight Hughes and his party as a danger to the peace of the country, if they possessed the moral courage to acknowledge in public what today is the conviction of every thinking German-American: We have grossly misjudged Wilson; we have wantonly attacked the president because he refused to be pro-German, as he refused to be pro-British, but has never been anything but truly pro-American!

Mr. Hexamer shows that he shares the same conviction with Mr. Emil von Schleinitz, the editor of the Milwaukee "German-Herald," who has stated: "I am convinced that the sympathies of Mr. Hughes are more on the side of the Allies than they are with the Germans."

And these men, who dare to call the president of their country a "hypocrite," are trying today, against their own conviction, to influence their German-American fellow-citizens to cast their vote for Hughes, the anti-German candidate, in order to save their face!

But Dr. Hexamer pretends to consider only "what is good for our own dear country!" ACCORDING TO HUGHES AND ROOSEVELT THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A WAR WITH GERMANY! According to Wilson, the "good of the country" is Peace with Honor. Who, then, are the "hypocrites"—Wilson and his government, standing by their convictions in storms of pro-German and pro-British abuse, or these propagandists, who are ready to sell their conviction, their country and their fellow-citizens who believe in them, in order to save their face?

If they know Hughes to be pro-Allied in his sympathies, as they do,—if they know, the fatherland, for which they wanted to get a "square deal," as they pretended, cannot get it at the hands of Roosevelt's party,—they, individually, may vote for whom they please, but they should refuse to give publicly their support to Hughes. That's what would be an honest man's way. Instead of that, they, against conscience and conviction, fill German language papers with panegyrics of Hughes, attempt anxiously to explain away what may justly excite the suspicion of their countrymen against this candidate, and use all their influence to make the German citizens swallow the unhealthy Hughes proposition. That's the contemptible way of political henchmen with neither conscience, nor sense of honor.

Adv. by Order of
American-German Wilson League.
(America First)

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